OLD-TIME STREET SIGNS.

WOODEN INDIANS THE LAST RELICS OF A PICTURESQUE TYPE. Friendship of an Old Cigar Dealer and Itte Wooden Str Walter Raleigh Old Tavern

Signs in London and Philadelphia Poetry of Tavern Boards Pagions Artists Who Painted Signboards Occasionally. *Dombey and Son" would be noticeably muti-Isted with the metablipman left out- the little gooden midshipman who slways stood in front of the shep door of the instrument maker, Solomon Gill, with his telescope forever glued

to his eye and taking minute observation of the passers-by in the street. Dickens evidently was fond of these signs and symbols which, in the early part, and even far on into the middle of the century, were wont to be posted in front of tradesmen's shops, to say nothing of the countless varieties of strange beasts and birds which decorated the signboards of inns. He makes a great case of them in many instances besides that of the wooden midshipmen. They were, in fact, a conspicuous feature of the street panorama in our grandfathers' days, but they have gone the way of many other old-time things

The wooden Indian, Bir Walter Raleigh, the dude and the bicycle girl in front of the eigar stores are about all that are left of this mage population that used to be so common to the streets Perhaps the dummies that stand before the clothing stores with their exhibition carments sidly in need of a good brushthe might come within the category, but they are poor substitutes with their goggle eyes and mere wire frame bodies for the works of art which they have succeeded. The wax busts and full-length figures of women in the wig and milinery and dry goods store windows are of a higher grade of workmanship Yet even of these none represents a mere sentiment or abstraction as did the old street signs They are tainted with the materialism of the day. They are there because they are useful, serving the purpose of mere models on which to hang the wigs or cloaks of gowns. and then one finds in the city a boar's head in front of a delicatessen store or a tin fis in front of a sporting goods store, but ever these are disappearing rapidly

There was a downtown sign dealer a fee years ago who had in front of his shop a wooden Bir Walter Raieigh perpetually offering to passersby a bundle of twenty-five very wooden cigars. This dealer had something of the old-time sentiment touching his sign that Dickens throws over the wooden midshipman in front of old Sol Gill'st. He was a Irishman, this dealer, and it was a matter of faith with him that Sir Walter had not been mere sojourner in Ireland, but was native born to the old sod. So there was a strong dash of patriotic sentiment in his cult of the graven image. He always spoke of "Sir Walter" with much respect, and trundling him into the store when he closed up at night was quite a solemn rite with Mr. Curry. Not unfrequently when he had escorted the one-time favorite of Queen Bess to his corner behind the door, after he had locked up, he addressed him with remarks about the weather or the condition of the streets or the state of trade.

"Pretty chilly out there this evening wasn't ft, Sir Walter?" he would say, "I'm going to have a bit of whiskey myself and would be and to have you come along with me, only one of us ought to be here to watch the store. sides I know you don't drink, though a hot drop would do you no harm. We didn't do much to-day, Sir Walter, but no fault of yours Sure, you stood there all day inviting them in and you a nobleman at that."

The old man, as a matter of fact, did not do a roaring business and was so much alone in his shop that this communing with his august silent partner became a second nature to him and pobody doubted that the lonely old manfor he was wifeless and childless-had some for he was witeless and childless—had something closely akin to a human sentiment of affection for his basswood companion. Personally, he was far from being fastidious himself and his shop was a dany, cobwebby old den, but Sir Walter's gay ruffles and hose and doublet were always tucked out in the smartest way possible to fresh paint. He is gone now, old Jim Curry and Sir Walter, too, has disappeared: moved over to Jersey somewhere, where at last accounts he was leading a dissipated, all-night-in-the-streets life of it, and became sadiy weather-beaten and bedraggled sipated, all-night-in-the-streets life of it, and became sadly weather-beaten and bedraggled as a consequence. But it was in the latter days of the last century

that the trade images and signboards flourished at their best in this country. Sedate Phila-delphia was noted for them even in those times

I'm amazed at the signs
As I pass through the town:
To see the odd mixture
Of Magpie and Crown,
The Whale and the Crow,
The Razer and Her
The Leg and Seven Stars.
The Ale and the Bottle,
The Sun and the Lute,
The Sun and the Lute,
The Spie and Child,
The Shovel and Boot.

The Shovel and Boot.

Astate as Isis Palmer, an Englishman, commented on the signs he saw in the streets of Philadelphia. The War of the Revolution was bet an old story and the War of Isi2 was fresh mind then, and there is just a tinge of feeling in Mr. Palmer's remarks on the subject of the taren signboards he saw. He says:

We observed several curious tavern signs an Philadelphia and on the roadside, among chars Noah's Ark: a variety of Apostles; Bunger's Pilgrim; a cock on a lion's back, crowing the Liberty' issuing from his beak; novel agreements in which the British are in a desperate situation; the most common signs are perate situation; the most common signs are

most lucrative employment in painting signs for taverns and stores. This int, kept first by a man named Hanna, then by George Poppel, was at 178 South street, near Fifth street. The sign was a cainting of the National Convention, which net May 14, 1787, it, the State House, or independence Hall, to frame the Constitution.

of this historic signboard. This invaluable

lettered: Fed Con 1787

The tavern sizeboards were not only artistic in many cases but they very often dropped nto poetry as well. The Union Hotel of Philadelphia as late as 1820, when the hotel was beginning to succeed the good old-fashooed inn and the tavern, was advertised in a local newspaper time. loned inn and the triverty, was advertised newspaper tons:

"Samuel E. Warwick respectfully informs his friends and the tubble generally that he has opened a bouse of Enterrainment at the northeast corner of Seventh and Cedar streets and has copied for his sign Mr. Binn's beautiful copperplate engraving of the Declaration of Independence, by that justly celebrated artist, Mr. Woodside

Whate'er may tend to soothe the soul below.
To dry the tear and be in the shaft of woe.
To drown the life that discompose the mind.
All those who drink at Warwick's ian shall find. On the Beehive Tayern signboard in Philadelphia there was the conventional picture of a beehive, the sentiment "By Industry We Thrive," and these jocund lines: Here in this hive we're all alive.

On Thirteenth street, near Locust, also in Philadelphia, was an inn with a signboard on which were these lines:

William McDermott lives here, sells good porter, ale and beer, ve made my sign a little wider, o let you know I sell good cider. In Shippen street, Philadelphia, between Third and Fourth, was a tavern sign repre-senting a sailor and a woman, separated by hese lines:

The porter good, the treatment kind.
"No doubt," ences Mrs. Earle, "thirsty tars und this such most attractive; more so, I a sure, than the pretentious sign of Lebanon evern, corner of Fenth and South streets, its sign was painted by the artist Pratt, to one side was Neptune in his chariot, surjunded by Tritons; underneath the lines; "Neptune with his triumphant host Commands the ocean to be silent.

Smooth the surface of the waters, And universal culm succeeds. "On the other side was a marine view of ships, &c., with the lines. Now caim at sea and peace on land Have blest our Continental store: Our fleets are ready, at command, To sway and curb contending Powers.

"As the sign purveyor dropped easily into verse, albeit of the blankest type, these lines surmounted the door.

"Of the waters of Lebanon Good cheer, good chocolate and tea.
With kind entertainment
By John Kennedy."

Both in Boston and Philadelphia there were tavern signs on which were painted a tree, a bird, a ship and a can of beer and below these mysterious symbols were these lines:

This is the tree that never grew. This is the bird that never flew. This is the ship that never salled. This is the mug that never failed.

One of the most curious tavern signs he last century is thus described by M One of the most curious takern signs of the last century is thus described by Mrs. Earle:

'In a small Philadelphia alley running from Spruce street to Lock street was a signboard lettered 'A Man Full of Trouble'. It bore also a picture of a man on whose arm a woman was leaning, and a monkey was perched on his shoulder, and a bird, apparently a parrot, stood on his hand. The woman carried a bandbox, on the top of which sat a cat. This sign has a long history. It was copied from the famous signboard of an old alchouse still in Oxford street, London. It is said to have been painted by Hogarth: at any rate, it is valued enough to be specified in the lease of the premises as one of the fixtures. The name by which it is known in London is The Man Loaded With Mischief'. The bird is a magpic, and the woman holds a glass of gin in her hand. In the background at one side is a pot house, at the other a pawnbroker's shor. The engraving of this sign is staned 'Drawn, by graving of this sign is signed Drawn Experience, Engraved by Sorrow, and

"A monkey, a magple and a wife is the true embien of strife.

A similar embiem is in Norwich, another in Blewsbury, England. One inn is called The Mischief Inn, the other The Load of Mischief. Still another at Cambridge, England, showed the man and woman fastened together with a chain and padlock. A kindred French signboard is called Le Trio de Mailce (the trio being a cat, a wan and a monkey).

An old Philadelphia tavern on Sixth street, below Catherine street, had the curious name. The Four Alls. The meaning was explained by the painting on the sign, which was a very large one. It represented a palace, on the steps of which stood a king, an officer in uniform, a clergyman in gown and bands, and a laborer in plain dress. The satirical inscription read:

1. King—I govern All.
2. General—I fight for All.
3. Minister—I pray for All.
4. Laborer—And I pay for All.
About the only remnants of the old-fash-

About the only remnants of the old-fash-ned symbolical signs before public houses f entertainment now to be found are be-ore some of the French restaurants. Several f these have signboards with paintings f one kind or another, generally of birds or fore some of the French restaurants. Several of these have signboards with paintings of one kind or another, generally of birds or animals, as for instance one in I hird avenue which rejoices in the name and style "Aux Deux Canaries." Still another has a cat carved Deux Canaries." Still another has a car and a wood over its door. But the bulls' heads and boars' heads and others of that kind are here now only by name, the glories of their signboards having long since vanished—in tome cases with their former respectability.

ing; Boston, \$650,000; Cincinnati, \$425,000; Balti-more, \$350,000; San Francisco, \$245,000; Provi-dence, 250,000; New Orleans, \$230,000; Cleveland, \$325,000, and Washington, a city of long distances, low houses and wide streets, \$235,000. New York will expend for street lighting in 1901 \$2,745,000 for gas and electricity. Of this total Manhattan uses \$900,000; Brooklyn, \$950,000; The

Bronx,\$350,000; Queens, \$355,000, and Richmond, American cities for filumination, New York's annual payment may seem to be abnormally high, but there are various reasons why the cost of public lighting should be proportionately much larger here than elsewhere. New York has a larger waterfront than any other American city. While other cities have usually one public market. New York has a dozen, and the eight included within the borough of Man-hattan use on an average 5,000,000 cubic feet of gas in a year. Many other American cities rent the premises they require for public de-partments, whereas New York owns most of her public buildings, and the gas bills, which in some other cases are met by private individ-uals, are in most cases here paid directly from the appropriation, which, while nominally for street lighting, actually includes all forms of illumination for which the city is responsible. New York has in all nearly 66,000 lamps, gas and electric. There are 20,000 in New York and The Bronx, of which 24,286 are gas lamps, 4,538 electric, and the others naphtha lamps. Brooklyn has 11,015 gas lamps and 4,663 electric lamps. Queens borough, the most extensive division of New York to be lighted, has 3,839 the most progressive of the boroughs of New York in this particular, has all electric lightsand 352 are are light. There are, moreover, 100 oil lamps in use in Eichmond borough. The extent of the territory to be covered and the peculiar conditions existing in New is used for home pointed by Mata pupil of Bendamin West. It
this signs were painted in a style
the most expensively lighted city in the counsile. One instance will show how this game
try, the assertion is not made for New York
the most expensively lighted city in the counsile. One instance will show how this game
try, the assertion is not made for New York
that it is the best lighted American city.

Mr. and Mrs. Smith were old and childless.

MILLIONS GOT BY FRAUD.

Ine austrated has been supposed for thirty-five years by the Eric Railroad Company of the England Been retired on a pension. The old couple had adopted one August Loeber and the three had set up in the grocery business in First avenue. The store didn't pay as it should have done, the old couple wanted beginning years and so the business was offered for sale. This was where the awindlers came in There entered the grocery store one day a bluff, sandy-haired person with a note of introduction from "Mr. Worthington, banker," introducing him as Mr. Taesier, direct from Denver, who desired to go into the first four years a gang of thirty-five swindlers, operating in groups of three.

five swindlers, operating in groups of three and four at a time, have robbed merchants of goods and investors of cash to the amount of more than a million dollars, possibly two millions. Their principal coperations have been in this city, but their schemes have extended all over the country and their victime are numbered by the thousand. The richest firms in the country have been taken in equally with the humblest tradesmen. One by one the schemes of the swindlers have been exposed and in most cases arrests have been made. Yet up to the present time not one of the gang has received a severer sentence than a few months' imprisonment, year or two at most.

Some of the swindles exposed have been the most profitable in the last ten years. The newspapers have devoted columns of space to them altogether. Each, as the police put an end to it, has been succeeded by another, usually the old swindle in another place in a slightly varied form, and the public has been fleeced again. Throughout, the man whose brain originated the whole series of frauds rarely appeared in operating them and he escaped. Several of his backers are still free, though in trouble and under cover from the police, but he was captured last week. He is now in the Tombs under heavy bail, and the police think that after camping on his trail for four long years they at last have

him where they want him.

His name is Henry Seelig and he is now 46. He is an Austrian Hebrew, stockily built and keen eyed. He has been in the swindling business six years, the police say, and this is the third time he has been arrested. Twice before he got out by jumping his ball. He wont get a chance to do that this time, though his confederates would put up a good sum to get him out from be-hind the bars His capture now is believed to have headed off a gigantic lead company fraud in Chicago, which had not yet matured, but of which the police learned from papers found in his possession.

Seelig has not been directly connected with all of the swindles perpetrated by members of the gang which took his name. Some of his confederates after learning his methods imitated them on their own account, though they usually went to him for advice. In other schemes he was represented by his brother, Franz, whose picture, with Henry's, is in the Rogue's Gallery at Police Headquarters. Franz Seelig is now somewhere in the West. He was there, presumably with a view to helping along the lead swindle, when Henry's arrest nipped it before it matured. The public loss through all of the schemes in which they two figured. or which were originated by them and carried out by their associates, the police put at \$1,000,000 at least. That is the lowest figure. The total is more likely double that sum. Not even the swindlers themselves know how much was lost through them. Their operations have been so involved, so large and so numerous that a few thousands more

or less count as nothing.

The Seelig plan of swindling was simple It was briefly, by putting on a bold front and posing as a respectable firm, to get all the goods possible on credit, to dispose of them for what they would fetch either on the spot or by slipping them away and to skip out with the proceeds. The plan was varied in different cases. Sometimes the members of the gang working a particular swindle would fool their victims by assuming the name of a respectable firm with high commercial rating. At other times two or three fake concerns would be started at once, each in a different business, established in handsome quarters, and each giving the other as a reference to its financial stability. Sometimes a store would be opened and a substantial sum deposited in a bank, reference being then given to the bank. Of course, before the day of reckoning came, the deposit before the day of reckoning came, the deposit would be withdrawn. At other times, still, the swindlers posed as bankers and brokers and bought out small tradesmen on notes worth just the paper they were written on and no more. Before the tradesman discovered that, his store had been cleared of his goods and they had been auctioned off on the premises or cleawhere.

It was a game which offered opportunities for endless variations and it was highly profitable. The end was always the same, one line day the new store or the fine offices were empty, the goods and the puchasers had vanished and the firms which had extended credit were left without anybody to sue. Sometimes, however, the swindlers were so bold that they stayed to face it out. The goods were gone and they made an assignment or declared themselves bankrupt. It wasn't easy to prove them distornest, and they usually escaped scot free. "The honest failure graft" the police called this, because it was so difficult to prove it anything else. The law itself seemed to protect the criminals. Section 541 of the Penal Code provides that "a purchase of property by means of a false pretence is not criminal where the false pretence is not criminal where the false pretence is not criminal haw was the only means of getting at the swindlers, and in most cases they were shrewd enough to arrange it so that no statements in writing were made by the persons directly concerned. Others did that if it was necessery, and so all of the gang kept out or thought they kept out of danger. So secure was this position that when two of the swindlers were caught three months ago practically red-ianded in getting would be withdrawn. At other times, still,

some bound then given to the bank of covered from the forecome centre, the description posed at hardon and the description of the control of

money to spend, but no time to hagde about price Mr Tae-der looked around the store and made a few inquiries.
"Well," said l'aesle: presently, "this place sufts me What's your figure? I'm a biunt man, I am, so let's get right down to busi-As a starter \$2,500 was asked from the reliers' side. They didn't expect to get it and when the stranger said, "Done," they thought they had met the good thing of their

"New," said Taesler, "meet me to-morrow at my banker's, Worthington's, in Wail street and we'll have a quick spot cash transaction."

In the "banker's fine office the next day they all met. A bill of sale was quickly drawn up and signed, but when the moment came to hand over the money there was a little hesitation. they all met A bill of sale was quickly drawn up and signed, but when the moment came to hand over the money there was a little hesitation.

"Er-my friend Taesler," said the banker. "is short of cash to-day and he wants to close this thing up now His remittance from benyer did not come to hand as expected, but it's all right. You have my word for it. The banker beamed upon the sellers as they hesitated. "Now here is a \$2,000 mortgage on mineteen city lots at Toms River. N.J., which you may have as security and Taesler will give you his note for \$2,500 payable a week hence. There you are satisfactory, isn't it? Well, to make it absciutely sure, here it is over my own signature. Here—John Worthington, banker. The energetic "banker" dashed off a few lines attesting the value of the security, signed them and handed over the papers. The sellers hesitated, then thought of the good price they were getting for their store and closed the deal. Two days later the auctioneer's red flag was out at the store. The Smiths telegraphed anxious inquiries to Toms River as to their security and received a response, "Mortgage all right," and allowed the sale to proceed. The swindlers got the proceeds, and when, too late, the Smiths journeyed to Toms River they found that the lots were in a swamp and their value was about \$5. But Mr. Worthington vowed he'd been imposed on too Taesler had disappeared and there was nothing to be done.

any luck, but no sooner did this bait sink beneath the water than there came a tur at the line. He pulled in and there was the biggest fish he had caught that season. And not only did the fish take the bait promptly but when Capt Enoch drew up his fish he could see three or four big fellows following. as if they wanted to get a taste of the batt This gave the old skipper an idea.

'I should think a fish would get terribly thirsty living in that salt water all the time." he said to Bill, his mate. 'It must seem like a continual diet of liquid pretzels. Just think of living in the sea and never having drink of anything really refreshing in the liquid line. "Bill looked sort of longingly at the locker

a person didn't need to live in the salt water get thirsty; it was bad enough to sail over But Capt. Enoch didn't pay any attention "'It will be an act of Christian charity continued the captain piously, to give the poor fishes bait with a pleasanter flavor !

t. It wouldn't cost much more and would probably result in a big catch. "So the captain began soaking each place of bait in rum before it dropped over. Talk about fishing! It was only a question of how often he wanted to throw in the line. In fact. it wasn't but a few minutes before the smell of the alcoholic bait had sort of spread and there was a row of fishes not ten feet from the side of the boat waiting to grab the bait as soon as it was thrown over. They crowded each other so that it delayed the fishing.

their value was about \$\delta\$. But Mr. Worthington vowed he do seen imposed on too. Taesier had disappeared and there was nothing to be done.

There was something to be done, however, when the police got after the pair. This time the courts were stirred up Taesier was sent to fail for three years, worthington for six. But a score or more victims swindled like the Smiths recovered not a cent.

After the Worthington swindle came W. B. Deming & Co. There was a respectable and highly rated firm of that hame in Exchange place. A fake W. B. Deming & Co. started outsiness at \$2\$ Broadway. William Price, crook, was Deming, Herman L. Cohen, "Gen." Farrieston, George Martin alias Guy Whitcomb. Luke Gallagher and Richard Price, alt of the Seely gang, were his nides. Seele, in the bacaground, planned the scheme. Ruth Howard, who later figured in the E. S. Dean bucket-shop swindle, was the buyer. The old tricks were worked. The gang got \$100,000 worth of inerchandise and soid most of it. Then they were discovered and three of the gang were nabbed. Price and Cohen were convicted. They served just six months and then came out to enjoy their plunder. The woman confessed and was released on her own recognizance.

Every few months after that a new fraud came to light, apparently with new operators, in reality, as the police have since learned by patient following of clues and plecing of ends together, worked by same gang with new members put to the front. Norman sisencer & Co., "bankers and brokers," the American Trading Company of Chicago and London, got \$150,000 of the Bubble's good money. This swindle extended to Chicago, and London, got \$150,000 of the Bubble's good money. This swindle extended to Chicago, where three of the swindlers were caught and tried. None got more than a year in just as the penalty. The principal in the scheme, Samuel Davidov, escaped with three months in Johet Penitennary. This particular swindle had victims in every State in the Union. In New York August Moen, one of the swindlers, was released for This annoyed the captian. "'Here, here,' he shouted at the fish as if they could understand him, and at the same time motioning with his hand. 'Don't crowd each other so. Line up and wait your turn. If my balt don't run out I will try and satisfy

If my bait don't run out I will try and satisfy you all.

"As long as the bait lasted Capt. Enoch drew in fish as fast as he could handle them. When the bait had all been used up the captain gave a sigh and turned the Mary Bell home. The boat was half filled with fish who had fallen a viccim to the drink habit.

"Even if those fish have been snatched from their watery homes, said Capt. Enocli complacently, it is a salve to my conscience to think that they died happy and with the taste of good New England rum in their mouths." cies and bicycle sundries on credit to an equally large amount, disposing of them for a turrd of their value. I ney went into the lumber business, too. "Gen." Farrington alias James Ferro, who figured prominently in these swindles, is authority for the statement that every bit of the quarter million dollars' worth of lumber used in constructing the Speedway was stolen by the gang on credit and sold at the wharf to the innocent contractor, who knew nothing except that he was getting a fine lot of lumber cheap. The price went into the gang's pockets.

They went into the silk business, too, and stocked the Mountain Silk Mill at Haledon, N. J., recently closed as insolvent, with raw silk for which not a cent was paid. They went into the cigar and liquor business and mouths.

"The other fishermen hadn't had much luck that day and Capt Enoch didn't have any trouble of disposing of his cargo at a good price. The next morning as he was starting out from the wharf, Seth Hamilton called to him.

starting out from the wharf, Seth Hamilton called to him.

'If you catch any fish to-day,' said Seth earnestly, 'be sure and let me buy some. There was a delicate flavor about those you caught yesterday, that I never tasted before. 'Capt. Encch couldn't see why his fish should have any particular flavor. But after he began fishing he understood. Or course, after his success of the day before he kept on using the rum-soaked bait. And he noticed that every fish that grabbed the hook made a special effort to get the bait off. Whon the fish got the bait he would swallow it. Then instead of flopping about in the bottom of the boat, he would lie there as content as could be, with his eyes half-closed. Of course, it wasn't but a little while before the fish would be dead, but it was plain he died a happy death.

could give you some now if I wanted to.

The constable began to look expectant.

But I don't intend to. And you had better not be mixing yourself up in matters that happen on the high sees, or you'll have linele Sam after you.

The constable began to look expectant.

THOSE FOR 1901 MORE ARTISTIC THAN EVER BEFORE.

where the black bottle was kept and said that

Many Novelties Presented - The Best Color Work for the Calendars Done in Germany -Artists Who Furnish the Designs - Some Notable Calendars --The Wide Extent of the Business.

For more than a year now the manufacturers of calendars have been busy with the work of producing designs worthy of so interesting an event as the coming of a new century. It may be news to many people but it is a fact nevertheless, that the work of making calendars is always a year ahead of the time when they are to be put upon the market Calendar making has developed into a serious business, requiring time. The illuminated pieces of cardboard are not knocked off a few weeks or months before the coming of the new year whose days they record. They are incidents, mere trifles of the New Year season, but in this ge even trifles must be the result of thought and work and artistic genius if they are going to meet with favor in the public eye.

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